

and west. The snow was in splendid condition after the winds; you fly along like thistledown before a breeze, and can get about everywhere, even over the worst pressure-mounds. The weather was beautiful, temperature only 38° Fahr. below zero (-39° C.); but this evening it is quite bitter again, 55° Fahr. (-48.5° C.) and from 16 to 26 feet of wind. It is by no means pleasant work standing up on the windmill, reefing or taking in the sails; it means aching nails, and sometimes frost-bitten cheeks; but it has to be done, and it is done. There is plenty of 'mill-wind' in the daytime now—this is the third week we have had electric light—but it is wretched that it should be always this north and northwest wind; goodness only knows when it is going to stop. *Can* there be land north of us? We are drifting badly south. It is hard to keep one's faith alive. There is nothing for it but to wait and see what time will do.

"After a long rest the ship got a shake this afternoon. I went on deck. Pressure was going on in an opening just in front of the bow. We might almost have expected it just now, as it is new moon; only we have got out of the way of thinking at all about the spring tides, as they have had so little effect lately. They should of course be specially strong just now, as the equinox is approaching.

"Friday, March 9th. The net-line pointed slightly southwest this morning; but the line attached to a cheese which was only hanging a few fathoms below the